

THE PITCHERS PUT SOMETHING

WHITE SOX, BY WINNING 8 STRAIGHT GAMES, TAKE COMMANDING LEAD IN RACE FOR THE A. L. PENNANT

While Boston Loses Game, Has Two Off Days and Plays Tie With Athletics, Chicago Captures Five Battles and Has Lead of Five Games

THE war map of the American League has been shot to pieces in the last few days and the Red Sox from Boston do not appear so formidable as a week ago. While Barry's men were facing off days, rain and playing a tie game with the Athletics, the White Sox rolled up a flock of victories, thus increasing their lead. Today the Chicago contenders are five games to the good, and unless their best ally or something the margin will not be decreased. Instead of blowing up in a pinch as was predicted, Rowland's men have played winning baseball—a trifle crude at times, but still winning—and have not lost a game since Wednesday, August 22, when the Red Sox walked away with the final combat of the series.

By wallowing St. Looney yesterday, Chicago scored its eighth successive victory. Two games were grabbed from Washington, three from New York and three from St. Looney. It is true that the losing clubs were exceptionally weak, but that doesn't affect the percentage column. Victories over tall-end aggregations count just as much as those scored over Boston or Detroit or Cleveland. The Red Sox, on the other hand, ran into squalls in Detroit. The first game resulted in a victory, but the second was a lovely losing. The third game was prevented by rain, a day was spent on the train and yesterday a tie game was played with the Athletics. Thus in four days one game was lost, two couldn't be played and the other doesn't count. And the Westerners made hay while the sun was shining over Comiskey Park in Chicago.

There seems to have been a shifting of opinion regarding the winner of the American League pennant in the last couple of days. While we still believe that Boston is the better fighting club and capable of putting up a grand scrap before the season ends, the gentlemen who back their judgment with real money are inclined to believe that the Red Sox will finish second—and no higher.

"THE Red Sox are beginning to worry," said one of the experts today. "The players have been in the world series two straight years and know what it means from a financial standpoint. They are not worrying about the pennant, but the chunk of coin they are likely to lose if they don't win. Take it from me, as soon as a gang of ball players begin worrying about money that ball club will go for broke."

What Boston and Chicago Must Do To Win the Pennant

LET'S drag in the granddope and have a look at the chances of the hoisery rivals before they enter the homestretch. We all have our own ideas, but the dope usually straightens things out. First we will take the Red Sox, because they are nearer home. If Boston is to win the American League pennant, starting today with the series with the Athletics on the home field it will be necessary for the club to play at a .640 clip and keep it up to the last game—provided Chicago does not win one-half of its remaining games. The Red Sox are booked to entangle themselves in thirty-three more battles, the majority of them on the home lot. If they win—remember, if they win—twenty-one and lose twelve, the best they will have to show for themselves is an average of .614.

Now for the White Sox. This club has twenty-six remaining games, but only eight remain to be played on the home grounds. They finish abroad, but the team has proved its worth on the road. Three of these later battles will be played in Boston, and perhaps the gonfalon will be decided then and there. But if the Chicago club wins thirteen of the remaining games, which should be not at all difficult, it will be possible to finish the season with a percentage of .616. Thus it can be seen that the lead of five games now held by the White Sox looks very much like a cut on the world's series from an average angle. Only by the most remarkable sprint on the part of the Red Sox and a terrible slump by Chicago will change this view. It must be remembered, however, that the White Sox have been accused by other American League players of not being "game," and if such is the case the big crack is likely to mess up the dope any day.

Chicago Scribes Are Confident of Victory and Write About It

THERE is no doubt in the minds of the Chicago scribes as to who will win that pennant. The White Sox are the unanimous choice, and George S. Robbins takes his pen in hand to prove it. This is what Robby has to say: "Boston's Red Sox, champions of the world, would defeat the New York Giants, but the White Sox would fall an easy prey to McGraw's men in a post-season clash. Baseball writers traveling with clubs visiting Comiskey Park on this home stand have been interviewed on the subject and seem agreed on this opinion. It is distinctively an eastern view. This would be the logical conclusion, yet the dope may all go wrong for several reasons.

"The White Sox, not the present world's champions, might prove the most formidable foe for the Giants in the post-season classic. Most all world's series are decided on pitching. Even if a team carries a club of sluggers, it usually is stopped from slugging in a world clash. On the dope the Detroit Tigers, who have carried a deadly wrecking crew, should have cleaned up in at least one post-season event. Yet the dope chart shows the Tigers have never been able to cash in on the winner's end in one of these classics.

Bender Scores Sixth Straight Victory and Gets Another \$50

CONFIDENCE is a wonderful thing. It helps one over the rough and rugged spots in life's journey and inspires us to accomplish what seems to be the impossible. Last year, Chief Bender was a punk pitcher. He did not even earn his cokes when he worked for the Phils, and when the season ended Pat Moran gave him the hook. The Chief got off to a bad start, things broke for him with reverse English and he began to believe himself that he was all in. This year he was without a job and began to plan for the future. Baseball meant nothing to him, only as a form of exercise. He decided to pick up some easy money pitching for Upland, in the Delaware County League, and occasionally would do his uniform and work with the Phils. Much to his surprise, he discovered that his arm had regained its cunning and his control seemed better than before. He had a faint idea that there were a couple of years more of baseball in his system and spoke to Pat Moran about it.

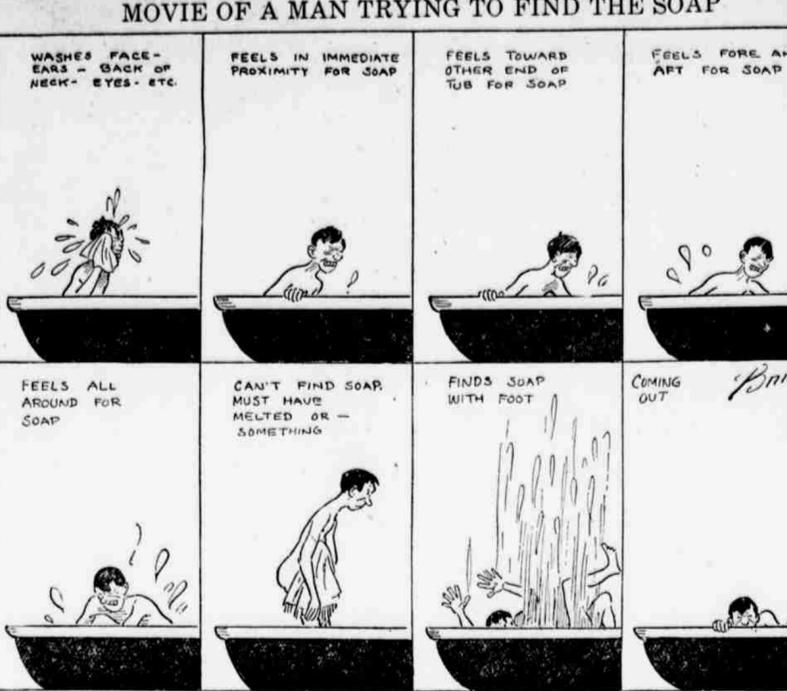
Now Pat is one of the shrewdest managers in the game and never passes up a chance. He listened to Bender and figured that he would lose nothing by giving him a chance. The Chief was offered a contract for the remainder of the season, but is said to have lost all of his enthusiasm when he gazed upon the salary figures.

"Not enough," he said. "Can't work for that."

"All right," retorted Bender. "I believe I am in great shape and will make a deal with you. I'll accept this contract if you will pay me \$50 for every game I win."

"You're on," said Pat, and the deal was closed.

MOVIE OF A MAN TRYING TO FIND THE SOAP



HARD-HITTING GOLFERS WILL SLUG PILL TWO FEET FARTHER THAN BEST FUNGO HITTER CAN DRIVE THE "PILL"

Professional Golfer Can Make Baseball Expert Look Like Canceled Two-Cent Stamp in a Driving Exhibition

BY PETER PUTTER
BIG ED WALSH, one-time twirler for the Chicago Americans, holds the record for fungo hitting. To the ungainly George a funny letter is the man who tosses the ball up in the air and hits it out to the infielders and outfielders. He is rarely a pinch hitter and some of the best fungo hitters are pitchers and some of the worst hitters are pitchers, so you can draw your own conclusions. Walsh hit the ball at Chicago on Comiskey Day, September 20, 1911, a distance of 418 feet one-half inch. While the Cincinnati Reds were playing here last July Fred Toney drove the ball during the practice over the left-field fence, the first time since the Philadelphia Phillies held at Broad and Huntington streets.

Some Long American Sluggers
But all the great drivers do not live on the other side of the water. One of the longest hitters among the pros is long Jim Barnes, the professional at White-land. Very few men in the country can beat him on tee shots. GI Nichols is another slugger. Tommy Kerrigan, Mike Brady, Jack Hutchinson, Jack McDerrott and a dozen others who will average well over 200 yards on their tee shots, and a very one of them has hit a ball farther than 300 yards.

During the amateur championship at Merion last September, when the east course was well mowed, a number of players drove the eleventh green, which is 325 yards long, there being quite a drop in front of the green. On the eighth hole in one of his matches, Bobby Jones drove the ball in front of the hole and the yardage of the hole is 320 yards. On the fifteenth he hit another 450-yard shot. Jesse Guifford, at Pinehurst, Holland, was able to use a midiron or mashie for over 200 yards on his tee shots, and a very one of them has hit a ball farther than 300 yards.

Englishmen Had Some Putt
In considering approach shots I am reminded of the story of the rather noted Englishman who was playing on a noted course in Ireland. He handed his bag to a typical little Irish caddy who was surprised to find it contained only a putter, a mallet and a hammer. The Englishman replied that that was all he had. "Just a driver to the green and then a putter," said the Englishman. The first hole was a short one and sure enough the ball landed on the green. The putter, however, was a long shot and the Englishman topped his drive. The Irish lad approached his employer with a gleam of mischief in his eye, handed him the putter and said in a rich Irish brogue, "Now, this fer a while, I'll have a good pacemaker in front of them."

Gardner and Corkran Famous
One of the longest hitters in this country is Bob Gardner, twice the amateur champion. In the final match against John G. Anderson, at Detroit, two years ago, he hit such a long ball that Anderson's caddy looked short by comparison. During the entire match his tee shots were so long that he was able to use a midiron or mashie for his second, while Anderson was using the wood for his second.

Another slugger is Clark Corkran. He has driven the first green at Shawnee and White House, and has hit a ball 300 yards. In his match with Chick Evans at Merion, he frequently outdrove the open champion, and Evans is one of the longest hitters in this country. Another slugger is George V. Rotan, of Pine Valley. When he is in condition even Guifford cannot outdrive him.

In the days of the great prodigies of ball hitting, Holland was called the leader, and his longest drives were called the leader, and were 235 and 239 yards, measured at an exhibition driving contest. Two years ago he hit a ball 250 yards, and he believed 250 yards would represent the limit of a golfer's power to make a ball carry even in these days of fast-flying rubber cores.

W. H. Horne drove a ball at North Berwick 388 yards. The distance from the tee to the pin was 388 yards and to the back of the green 292 yards and the ball landed on the green, but on a direct line with the pin. D. R. Anderson, a one-armed player, drove a ball 300 yards at the Joliet Country Club. George Duncan, a brother of Alex. Duncan, formerly pro of the Cricket Club, has a record of 383 yards and one foot.

Edward Blackwell, regarded as the longest and most consistent of hard-hitting British amateurs, has a record of 400 yards in a test Arnold Massey drove fifteen different makes of golf balls when he was the open champion of Great Britain. Of the 145 balls driven, every one went farther than 200 yards, and his best average was 228 yards, and his lowest 237 yards. Only five out of 150 balls fell short of the 200-yard mark.

TENNIS LIKELY TO BE REVIVED ON WHITE HOUSE COURTS, IS RUMOR

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—A family have not used the tennis courts this summer. The players are plainly visible from the railings which surround the White House grounds, and the President and the members of his family are kept themselves in retirement since the war began as much as possible.

MISS MARY BROWNE AGAIN DEFEATS MOLLA

Coast Tennis Star Wins Exhibition Match at Cleveland—Strachan Is Victor

CLEVELAND, Aug. 31.—Bright sunshine, the first in over a week for the national patriotic tennis invaders, resulted in the fastest net play ever contested here and led to further match advantages for Mary K. Browne, of Los Angeles, and her State-mate, John Strachan, of San Francisco.

Miss Browne defeated the Norwegian star, Miss Molla Bjurstedt, national champion, in straight sets, the feature match, by 6-3 and 6-2. Strachan defeated the Elizabeth N. Younger, Harold Throckmorton, in a smashing game, 6-2 and 4-1.

A match in men's doubles developed a duce in the set which thrilled the gallery in its volatility. Throckmorton paired with Fred B. Alexander, of New York, defeated Strachan with Charles Garland, national junior champion of Pittsburgh as partner, 6-5 and 10-8.

EDDIE CICOTTE, FADED RELIC OF 5 YEARS AGO, RANKS AMONG FIRST TWO PITCHERS IN AMERICAN LEAGUE

Now the Real Star of the White Sox—Eleven Former Virginia Football Leaders Have Earned Their Commissions in Army

By GRANTLAND RICE
The Canadian
He left the rivers that he knew—
The mountains—thrown against the sky—
He left their valleys—peared with dew—
Nor paused to question or reply;
He left his ghost—but as he fell
He left behind more ghosts than one,
Where, striking with the force of hell,
He gave his answer to the Hun.

He left the far plains' endless track
To take his place amid the slain;
From Vimy Ridge to Lens and back
He left his share of crimson stain;
He left his shattered soul to sleep
In riven fields of gore and mud,
But crashing through the rifles' sweep,
He took his toll in Prussian blood.

Not Forgetting
NAP RUCKER was an institution of long standing. He held his place in the team well above the average. Nap has now faded out, some time back. Playing on the same minor league team with Nap at Augusta, Ga., was another pitcher. His name was and still is Eddie Cicotte. And Cicotte today is still a star in the American League—dabbling in the best campaign he has ever known.

Eddie worked his first major league game for Detroit in 1905. That was some twelve years ago. The greatest number of victories he had ever gathered before in the Main Realm was eighteen, with Chicago in 1913. He has never pitched in the American League with more than a month left. He is Boston's main rampart to burde. And it was Boston that turned him over to Chicago as a faded relic five years ago.

How to Bat
Stand up and take a healthy swing;
Get set against the pitcher's fire—
Then hit 'em where Tris Speaker ain't.

The Old Dominion Rollcall
Dear Sir: In the list of universities who have responded to the country's call, don't overlook Virginia. Eleven former Virginia football players took their training at the officers' reserve camp at Fort Myer, and every man came out with a commission. Three received captaincies and eight were commissioned as first lieutenants.

Approaching
The approach shot with the mashie is certainly one of the master shots of golf and a good approach shot can accomplish wonders in the way of recovering from a poor drive. The player who is master of strong approaching shots is always to be feared, and I want to lay special emphasis upon the importance of cultivating this part of golf. Many a poor putter wins his game on the approach shot, for the better his approach shot the less he has to do with the putter, and the better he can do with the putter, the more he can do with the mashie, even if his driver and a putter, as I have said, can often afford an extra stroke on the green.

How to Bat
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Frank Corry, Paced by Peerless Jimmy Hunter, Winner of Fifty-Mile Bike Race at Point Breeze

No Title, However, Was Given Away With Last Night's Victory—1917 Championship Event Will Be Held Next Thursday

Instead of being the 1917 fifty-mile professional motor-paced champion of the United States when he awoke this morning Frank Corry, of Australia, is just a common rider on a bicycle without any title. Although Corry, paced by the peerless Jimmy Hunter, won the fifty-mile motor-paced race at Point Breeze Park, Maryland, last night, he will not receive the title and a large silver cup.

On account of it raining in Boston Wednesday night, thus forcing the motor-paced bicycle race schedule for that night to be held last night, Vincent Madonna, the Italian rider, Morin and Stein, both pacemakers, were unable to appear at the local track for the championship event last night. When the management of the Point Breeze Motordrome received the above information they thought it better to postpone the title race until next Thursday night, thus giving all the riders a chance to have a good pacemaker in front of them.

The race last night was the best seen on the local track this season. Corry won the title by a lap and a few yards over Elmer Collins, the present holder of the fifty-mile title, the winner not being decided until the last lap.

James C. Bonniwell fired the gun that started the men on the grind around the track. The five riders all caught their pacemakers about the same time and no one gained any advantage. At the end of the tenth lap Corry was leading Elmer Collins, paced by Vanderberry, by fifteen yards, with Carman a half a lap behind Collins. With the beginning of the twelfth mile Carman started one of his many sensational sprints and soon passed Collins. Corry gave him a hard fight for the lead and it was not until the end of two laps that he neck-and-neck riding that Carman took the lead.

Carman maintained a lead of fifteen yards over his rivals until the twentieth mile, when Jimmy Hunter brought it was about time he and his partner took the lead. But Provost, Carman's pacemaker, thought otherwise, and during the next mile the 1,000 spectators were kept on their feet, both pacemakers forcing their riders to travel at record-breaking pace. Hunter

Put Reliance in Club
In the ordinary mashie shot the player should rely on the club to give the ball loft and not make a strenuous effort to get under it. This last is one of the common faults of golfers. In the running-up approach the ground outside the putting green must be good, otherwise the chip shot should be employed to get over the rough.

WESTERN CHAMPION IN GOLF SEMIFINALS

Mrs. Letts Defeats Miss Elizabeth Allen, Iowa Titleholder, on Links

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—Mrs. Fred C. Letts, Jr., of Chicago, western woman golf champion, gained plentiful revenge for three defeats at the hands of Miss Elizabeth Allen, of Rock Island, Ill., by defeating the Iowa champion 7 up and 4 to play in the third round of the championship tournament of the Women's Western Golf Association at Flossmoor Country Club, of Cicinatus, formerly Miss Marjorie Dodd, of Cincinnati, had previously met Miss Allen in the national, the western and the Iowa championships, and had lost all three matches.

Mrs. Letts was in most splendid form, while Miss Allen was erratic. The titleholder started with a birdie five on the first hole, and was far better for the rest of the first nine holes scored 41 to 50 for Miss Allen, and was 6 up at the turn. Pans on the next three holes ended the contest and entitled the champion to defend her title in the semifinals today, with Miss Vida Lievallyn, the champion in 1909, who disposed of Miss Lois Stumer, sixteen-year-old player of Ravenna, 7 and 4, by playing close to par all the time.

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 31.—The Philadelphia Athletics today opened their season at the National League Park in Philadelphia. The Athletics today opened their season at the National League Park in Philadelphia. The Athletics today opened their season at the National League Park in Philadelphia.

Ad Swigler Ordered by McGraw to Report
Adam Swigler, former University of Pennsylvania pitcher and present leading hurler of the Logan Square team, will leave tomorrow for Brooklyn, where he will join the Giants, having recently signed a contract to play next year. He was ordered to report by Manager McGraw. Swigler will likely finish the season with the prospective National League pennant on his hip, though he hopes to land a commission in the army on keeping with his dental qualifications.

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